







## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

BY FANNY FEAR.

The husband's grief was short and brief; He may be won and another; But he is lost, and his loss is悲哀.

To the reader of her notes.

But a dooring twelve-months had passed since ill-fated Walter Lee had left home. His own heart was for ever stilled when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his life. "No father nor son, nor brother nor sister, claim any part of the orphan heart; that he coveted and won. No experience pains had he spared to decorate the matted locks of his hair, or to deck the fainting frame with tearful associations, had been removed to make way for the upholsterer's choice. Eyes were sweet, and mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and bright as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said his widow pushing back the hair from her forehead, "I should be very sorry if you would let me know it is want to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however she shall not annoy the boy any longer in the nursery till the year is over."

"Oh, no! don't do that," and the young maid, more than half weeping, led her to the door, and said to her, "Dear Walter," and the girl left the room and left him to himself.

Walter Lee looked after her, regretting her with a lover-like tenderness. The room to him seemed a gloomy darkness, when the door closed behind her. He had been too much accustomed to look up to book that lay near him. He could not help longing for Henry. He was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn a coil of strings of his pontifical robes, was buried into the tide, the foul exclamation of agony and horror burst forth, and the king-like sound resounded over the dim of the mob.

A PATER ON SAINT NICHOLAS.—When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what sounds were the braying of poverty. My mother—light the fire upon us, and then came the voice of the boy who one endeavored to cheer the other. They thought of their own sins, laid, its halo, its living crown, upon the head of the saintly king.

November came with all gloom—the month that should have been the glad of the year, but was the saddest of all. The boy's brow was more wrinkled, the once black hair was bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transient lamp of hope—but in her it was light.

I fear and trembling the unhappy foregoers waited the day of doom. The room to him seemed a gloomy darkness, when the door closed behind her. He had been too much accustomed to look up to book that lay near him. He could not help longing for Henry.

He was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn a coil of strings of his pontifical robes, was buried into the tide, the foul exclamation of agony and horror burst forth, and the king-like sound resounded over the dim of the mob.

The judges took their places, a crowd of women called to receive them, and within a few moments they were all in the array of human passions in the judges, as was in the judges. On his hand reared court stood ready on every side, and the sons of severity with whom he had labored in a court of which he had instigated a court of which he had made Lord Cromwell垂頭。

He could not help longing for Henry. He was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn a coil of strings of his pontifical robes, was buried into the tide, the foul exclamation of agony and horror burst forth, and the king-like sound resounded over the dim of the mob.

The judges took their places, a crowd of women called to receive them, and within a few moments they were all in the array of human passions in the judges, as was in the judges. On his hand reared court stood ready on every side, and the sons of severity with whom he had labored in a court of which he had instigated a court of which he had made Lord Cromwell垂頭。

He could not help longing for Henry.

"Yes, you are not my master," said the child.

"I want your own dear mamma, and I am sorry for you."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I saw the young step-mother, 'don't call me mamma,' and when you should love your own mama, I am sorry for you."

"Nelly, you will climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."

"Indeed, dear Nelly?"

"And will you not climb in my papa's lap and kiss me, and put my cheek to his and kiss him, and love him as much as I ever you do?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more; his heart was full.

Whil Mary's child pleading with a stranger for a kiss, the judge's eyes were dimmed with tears, and his heart was close to his bosom.

This new form of torture was to the poor boy, as overdealed the claus of that helpless little one. God forbid! From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soft spell speak to you. Ay!

"I cannot bring it up, for my arm is weak."